



COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

A clear night in downtown LA. Groups of people wait to get into a packed comedy club.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A dark comedy club filled with people and laughter. The laughs are vibrating the walls as a comedian finishes his set with a big smile. The crowd applaud as the MC gets on stage and shakes hands with the exiting comic.

MC

Give it up one more time for Vincent Baskham!

(claps)

Great stuff. Dude's all the way from Australia!

(a beat)

I couldn't even point that place out on a map. Jesus.

He laughs and looks through his cards.

MC (cont'd)

(clears throat)

Ok, next up is a real treat! You know this cat, he was in your lounge room every week for ten years in the 80s and 90s with his hit show "Can't Stop Me Now"!

(shakes head)

My dad loved that show! He was always shouting that catchphrase, "This is proper fire!"

Smattering of people cheer and applaud.

MC (cont'd)

(hurrying)

He's in town for a short stay but please make him welcome all the way from England, it's Colin Reed!

The crowd applauds as COLIN REED takes the stage. Colin is in his late 40s, a bit out of shape with a receding hairline. What's left of his hair is pulled back into a ponytail.



COLIN

(smiling)

You alright? Cheers, David. What a great MC! Oh, man, it's great to be here. I love performing for the yanks. Being here is so different to being back home in England. For starters when I went to school in London, if I ran me gob to the teacher I would get a belting. Not here, man. The teacher couldn't do that shit because the kid might have been bullied on Facebook and be packing a gun and just be looking for an excuse. Am I right?

There are a few audible gasps and some slight murmuring from the crowd.

Colin laughs at the joke but is quick to realize the crowd is not into it.

COLIN (cont'd)

Oh, come on. It's just a laugh, innit? I thought us Brits gave you lot a sense of humor when we kicked you out. We didn't just give you language and culture, but we also gave you some great Queens. The hoity-toity one with that lives in the palace and the other ones you meet in the bar take home and find out have a dick. Am I right? Happened to a friend of mine.

He points to himself.

COLIN (cont'd)

Won't fool me twice. Ok, three times. We also gave you the band Queen!

(sings)

I want to rock 'n' roll all night,
and party every day.

(smiles)

Classic.

Still no laughs. A distantly audible cough. Colin is starting to sweat.

COLIN (cont'd)

(Weakly) This is proper fire.

CROWD MEMBER

You suck!



COLIN
(to himself)
Fuckin' Mike!

The crowd gets more annoyed with Colin as he just hangs his head looking pissed off. He looks to the MC who just shakes his head no and holds up his hands as if to say "Don't pull me into this."

END COLD OPEN



ACT ONE

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE HARTLEY (30s, handsome and fit) is sound asleep alone in a queen bed.

Suddenly his phone starts to vibrate on the night stand. The clock next to the phone shows that it's 2AM.

Startled Mike fumbles for the phone, sees who's calling, sighs and answers it.

MIKE

(annoyed)

You better be in jail, dead, or on fire and I don't really care about the order.

CUT TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Colin is drinking at the bar and looking very annoyed.

COLIN

You really fucked me tonight, mate.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MIKE

(sighs)

How can I resist that flat English ass?

(yawns)

I'm only human.

COLIN

Did you even try on the latest material?

MIKE

For my number one client? I even try to put jokes.

COLIN

(shakes head)

Oh, now you try to be funny? Could have used that in the bloody set, mate! Not one fuckin' laugh! I ate a thousand dicks tonight!



MIKE

I fucked you and you ate a thousand dicks? Someone had a busy night.

COLIN

Shut it! Do you know how that makes me look? It makes me look like a dickhead amateur.

MIKE

And here I thought you were ready to go pro dickhead.

COLIN

You cocky little..

MIKE

(clears throat
loudly)

Colin! Did you record the set?

COLIN

Of course, I fuckin' did! I always fuckin' do, don't I? I should burn the bastard to make sure no one has to endure that again. Better yet, I should get an old priest and a young priest and exorcise the fuckin' demons out of it before sending it back to Satan's sweat taint!

MIKE

(scoffs)

Material like that, Colin. It's a wonder you need me.

(yawns)

Chuck the recording in my Share folder and I'll listen to it in the morning.

COLIN

Too fuckin' right, mate. And I'll see you bright and fuckin' early to and if...

MIKE

(yawns)

Ok. Love you too. Night.

Mike hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Colin looks at his phone and sees that Mike has hung up.



COLIN
Cheeky fucking cunt.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike throws his phone back on the side table. He looks at the time and flops back in bed.

MIKE
(sighs)
Limey prick.

Mike giggles to himself and sits up in bed. He pulls a beat up leather bound notebook from his side table and writes something down.

A beat. Mike taps the books with his pen.

He then reads it back, chuckles, and puts it on the side table before rolling back over and going back to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A banged up sports car is in the drive way and the doorbell is being rung.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A silhouette is seen through the windows of Mike's front door. Whoever it is continues to ring the bell and bang on the door. Mike, still in his pajamas, yawns as he walks down the stairs. He sighs and answers the door. It's Colin.

COLIN
Cock a doodle do, cock head. We have
some fixin' to do.

Before Mike can say anything, Colin pushes past him and walks into the house.

MIKE
Good morning to you too, Colin.
Coffee? Breakfast?
(to himself)
My balls on your forehead.

Colin walks into Mike's lounge room and plonks down in a chair. He's still looking rather angry.



He pulls out his phone and starts angrily scrolling.

Mike walks in.

COLIN

So, did you listen to your turd of a set?

MIKE

I did.

COLIN

And you see the problem?

MIKE

I do. Same thing it normally is. You.

COLIN

You fuckin' what?

MIKE

I listened to the whole fifteen-minute thing, Colin, and you sped through the setups and massacred the punchlines on almost every joke. It was a massacre. I'm not surprised it went bad. I am surprised that they didn't take you outside and quarter you though because what you did was a slight on all things comedy.

COLIN

Bullshit!

MIKE

That's just the start. Did you honestly say that Queen sang "Rock 'n' Roll All Night"?

COLIN

So? It's a classic song.

MIKE

Yeah, it is. By Kiss. Christ! How are you this British and don't know shit about Queen?

There is a triple-wrap at the front door before it opens. Both Mike and Colin turn to see DYLAN enter with a tray of coffees. Dylan, 29, blond surfer looks smiles at the two men.

DYLAN

Good morning. And what a lovely day it is, eh?

MIKE

Could be better.



COLIN
Could be funnier.

DYLAN
Aw, wait now. Are mommy and daddy fighting? This is no environment for you to raise me in. I'll grow up with issues. Now, coffee is here to make it all better. Here you go, Dad.

Dylan hands a coffee to Mike.

MIKE
Thanks, son.

COLIN
Wait! Does that make me the mummy?

Dylan does a dance over to Colin and hands him his coffee

DYLAN
(mocking British accent)
Well, after the rogering that you took last night at the Chuckle Hut it wouldn't be as bad as what some people are calling you on the internet?

COLIN
Who's saying what on the fuckin' what?

Colin takes his coffee and walks into the other room scrolling on his phone.

Dylan smiles at Mike who just shakes his head.

MIKE
I bet you think that's helping.

DYLAN
That prima donna deserves it. Plus, I had an absolute rock star set last night after his Hindenburg.
(takes a sip)
Did you really write that shit?

MIKE
(rubs temples)
If this is how this day is going to start, I can't wait to see how it ends.

DYLAN
Probably with your head in an oven.



MIKE
(laughs)
Asshole.

Dylan laughs as Colin comes tearing back into the room.

COLIN
Washed up! They are calling me
"washed up?" Who the fuck are these
little fuckers to fuckin' judge me?

MIKE
People on the internet? It's kinda
their thing.

DYLAN
Oh no, Col! Did some kids say
something mean to you online? Be
honest...are you being cyber bullied?

COLIN
Well, fuck them and fuck you two.
Yeah? I don't need this.

MIKE
Pity.

Mike grabs some paper from a shelf and holds them up.

MIKE (cont'd)
I guess you don't need these fresh
pages of material sitting here with
your name on them.

Colin quickly grabs the pages. He starts to look through
them. He chuckles to himself.

COLIN
Now, see here. This is more like it,
Mikey Boy.
(reads, laughs)
If I would have had these punchlines
last night I wouldn't have to go and
murder a bunch of TikTok cock
blockers, now would I?

Colin reads a bit more and heads towards the door.

COLIN (cont'd)
Yeah, much better. I'll talk to you
boys later, yeah? I got to see a man
about a horse.

Colin exits.

A beat.



DYLAN

It's the same material, isn't it?

MIKE

Word for word. I've sold him that same set three times now.

DYLAN

What's the record?

MIKE

Eight.

DYLAN

What would you have done if he did walk out?

MIKE

You could have had them.

DYLAN

Yeah, no thanks. I like to get laughs.

MIKE

Oh, ha ha. Thanks for being the buffer, man. It's like dealing with a child.

DYLAN

My pleasure. When I got the Colin signal from you I knew coffee would help out. Plus, it was another chance to give him full cream milk in his cause I know it gives him the runs.

MIKE

You're evil.

DYLAN

Funny, because I thought messing with that prick was doing the Lord's work.

MIKE

Thanks, man.

Dylan slaps him on the arm and slumps down into the chair Colin was sitting in.

DYLAN

Don't mention it. I had to come to this side of town anyway.

MIKE

Yeah?



DYLAN

Yeah, I have that meeting with Carl in an hour.

MIKE

How is the...

(TV announcer voice)

"number one show in America" going?

Dylan laughs and gives him a thumbs up of approval for the voice. He takes a sip of coffee and shakes his head.

DYLAN

I honestly don't get it, man. The show's a piece of shit. We all know it, but it's tearing up in the ratings. TV? Through the roof! Steaming? Crashing servers. People can not get enough of it.

MIKE

(sighs)

Billboards of your show all over town. I bet it's sickening.

DYLAN

Oh, it is. We've even got bets on who can write the worst stuff that still makes it to air.

MIKE

And Carl approves this?

DYLAN

Does the show runner approve it? God damn caveman insists on it! He's even in on it! Last week's episode he "wrote" while spinning in a chair, blindfolded and throwing darts at words on a cork board.

MIKE

How is he going to top that?

DYLAN

That's what the meeting is for. He ate a bunch of random script ideas on plastic film and is literally going to have us write about the first one he shits out.

MIKE

Sounds like a productive way to spend a day.



DYLAN

I'm living the dream, bro-ham! I'm like a fucking superhero. By day? Writer for a hit shit show and by night, I rock the comedy stages with my mediocre musical comedy!

He takes another sip.

DYLAN (cont'd)

Thirteen year old me would have the biggest boner for my life right now.

MIKE

But to be fair, thirteen year old you would get a boner for life insurance commercials.

DYLAN

Old responsible people get me hard, what can I say. Oh! Come to think of it. Speaking of things that make me hard. You still up for dinner with Tegan and I tonight?

MIKE

Do I give you the boner or her? Or is it the food?

DYLAN

How could I pick one?

MIKE

Is she cooking or you?

DYLAN

I'm BBQin', son!

MIKE

Thank god! That tree bark pie is still sitting in my guts from last week.

DYLAN

Can't blame her for trying to make you healthy. Plus, you never know when you do shit it out it might have an actually funny joke on it that you can sell to that bell end.

Dylan looks at his watch and drinks the last of his coffee.

DYLAN (cont'd)

Gotta love you and leave you, man. See you tonight?



MIKE
Wouldn't miss it.

They hug and Dylan exits.

Mike lingers for a second and takes another sip of his coffee.

He walks into his office.

It has a bunch of pictures of himself and Dylan at various awards nights.

Mike's phone vibrates and he looks at it. It's a meeting reminder. It says "See Dave at his office."

Mike drains the last bit of coffee and exits.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. DAVE'S OFFICE - LATER

Mike pulls up in his car. There is a homeless guy, TERRY who is about 70 with a big beard and long hair. Terry sees Mike getting out of his car and walks up to him.

MIKE
(notices)
Terry. You good?

TERRY
Hi, Mike. Yeah, I'm alright. Just waiting for the advance on my next book.

MIKE
How long has it been?

TERRY
Fifteen years.

MIKE
Any day now, brother. Let's celebrate. Breakfast is on me.

Mike hands Terry some money.

TERRY
You're too good to me, Mike.

MIKE
Think nothing of it, Terry. When that next book sells, lunch is on you.

TERRY
You got it, Mike! Thanks.

Mike walks into Dave's office. KYM, Dave's 28-year-old rockabilly looking assistant, watches Mike walk in.

KYM
You know he doesn't actually have a book?

MIKE
(mockingly)
How dare you, miss! He might! Plus, Terry needs to eat too, you know.



KYM

Dave's running late. Can I get you a coffee?

MIKE

(waves it off)

I'm good. Thank.

(pat stomach)

Already had a coffee today and if I have another one this early I'll be up all night.

KYM

(flirty)

That doesn't have to be all bad.

MIKE

(James Bond impression)

Oh, Moneyppenny, when are you going to run away with me?

KYM

(British accent)

James, I couldn't possibly run in these shoes.

They laugh as the front door opens and Dave comes in talking on his phone. Dave is mid 50s, chubby, with long hair pulled back into a ponytail stuffed into a loud suit.

DAVE

I know. I know. He can do that. He will do that. He can do that too, but it's going to cost extra. Yup. Ok. Thanks. Checks in the mail.

Dave hangs up and looks at Mike.

MIKE

Sounds like a good job.

DAVE

(confused)

What? That? No. Setting up a date for tonight. But I do have a job for you.

(waves him in)

Come with me.

Mike winks at Kym as he walks away with DAVE.

CUT TO:



Mike and Dave walk in to Dave's messy office. There are scripts and contracts everywhere. There is also old coffee cups and clothes hanging off piles of stuff. They sit down.

MIKE

Cleaners on strike?

DAVE

No, they just want to charge double for in here. I just let them do out there. I have a system.

MIKE

Right.

(looks around)

System.

(back to Dave)

So, we have an offer?

DAVE

We do. But first, the guys in New York were really happy with the rewrite you did on that book.

MIKE

Oh yeah, I saw the "author" on the news talking about his writing process. Nothing about hiring someone else to do the work so that he can take the credit.

DAVE

Can't beat ghostwriting money, my boy.

MIKE

As long as you don't mind feeling like a whore.

DAVE

Nothing wrong with whores. World's oldest profession. Plus, it pays well. How are you feeling today?

MIKE

Ready to part my legs as always, Dave.

DAVE

That's my boy. The job I got for you is pretty simple. Have you heard of the Harris Brothers?

MIKE

Those YouTube prank guys?



DAVE

That's them. Anyway, they are coming to town as part of some tour they are doing for a NTF drop. I'm sure that's a thing. Anyway, they want some local material for their shows, and they heard about you from a certain mutual female friend.

MIKE

(suspicious)

Oh, man. Vicky?

DAVE

(holds up his hands)

Listen, I know she broke your heart.

MIKE

(annoyed)

And half of my stuff when she left.

DAVE

She must feel bad about it because she sung your praises to these two and now they want you.

MIKE

She leaves me for another guy, tries to ruin my life and then sends work my way. What's her deal?

DAVE

This is why I prefer guys. I mean, love the ladies too, but guys play fewer games.

(smiles)

Well, the emotional ones anyway.

MIKE

You love them both cause you're a greedy motherfucker.

DAVE

(shrugs)

There's that too. So you good for the meeting? They want to Zoom tomorrow?

Mike thinks about it. Finally he shrugs.

MIKE

Fuck it. Sure. Book it in, Boss.

DAVE

Good, man. So, switching gears. I heard Mr. Colin Reed ate a dick last night at the Chuckle Hut and not in the way I do with an ice cube and..



MIKE

(cuts Dave off)

Good news travels fast.

DAVE

Luckily, he's known as a fuck up. Burned so many bridges that he single handily is keeping that rinky dink PR company he's with in business. But you might be his only friend.

MIKE

(mock offence)

Whoa! Watch the f-word.

(smiles)

Though, some would say the same about you, Dave.

DAVE

True. But that's by choice, my boy. I like to associate myself with those of a common interest.

(a beat)

Money.

MIKE

I do like money. Helps pay for my addictions.

DAVE

The less we speak of your doll collection the better. Why can't you be on meth like my other clients, eh?

MIKE

They're not dolls, their collectables. I can't do meth anyway. It tastes like ass.

DAVE

I like ass.

MIKE

Well, mine must leave this chair before you try to stick a tongue in it, but I love you anyway.

(blows a kiss)

Put the zoom meeting in my calendar and if that is all, I will get out of here. Gotta run a few errands and I'm having dinner with Dylan and Tegan tonight and should pick up some bullshit organic wine. We good?



DAVE

Yup, get out of here. And tell Dylan that show he writes on is a piece of shit.

Mike walks to the door and turns just before backing out.

MIKE

You don't know how literally.

Mike walks past Kym, who's on the phone. She winks and him and he gives her a finger gun before going outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mike gets into his car and drives past TERRY who's eating a breakfast sandwich. They wave to each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBS OF LA - CONTINUOUS

People going about their business; walking dogs and washing cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. SASHA'S MANSION - DAYTIME

Mike's car is parked outside a classic mansion. The doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

INT. SASHA'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

In the foyer of a large mansion, we see a silhouette in the front door. The elegant doorbell rings again and an ancient slow-moving butler walking towards the door.

When he finally gets to the door and opens it we see Mike standing there with a big smile on his face. The smile quickly fades as he sees the butler.

MIKE

Damn, Reg, you look like death.

Reg is about 80 with white hair and a neatly trimmed white beard. He's fit and looks very dapper in his butler uniform.

He relaxes a bit seeing that it's Mike.



REG

A pleasure to see you, Master Hartley.

MIKE

It's Mike, Reg. Why does she still have you working so hard? What happened to the scooter I got you?

REG

The mistress took it away. Said my needing it made her feel old.

(gestures to come in)

Please come in, sir.

Mike enters the foyer as Reg shuffles away. An older woman, SASHA, appears at the top of the stairs. She's in her 70s, but in fantastic shape and still a natural Julie Newmar like beauty.

SASHA

Michael, my dear, what a wonderful surprise.

MIKE

A surprise that I'm here at the time we agreed to meet?

SASHA

Why must you tease?

MIKE

And here I was thinking I was stating facts. My bad.

Mike opens his bag and pulls out some papers.

MIKE (cont'd)

I've got your new pages, Sasha.

SASHA

Excellent. Bring them to the study. It's not polite to conduct business here.

Sasha saunters off. Mike sighs and shakes his head.

MIKE

(to himself)

Think of the money, think of the money.

Mike walks towards the stairs.



INT. SASHA'S MANSION - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks into the study and Sasha turns with two drinks in her hand.

SASHA

I thought this might get the party started.

MIKE

Not even lunch yet, Sasha.

SASHA

Don't make a girl drink alone, Michael.

Mike takes the drink. Sasha turns around and dramatically walks towards a couch while sipping her drink.

Reg appears out of nowhere next to Mike who almost senses him there. He holds out the drink, Reg takes it and hands Mike an orange juice.

MIKE

(whispers to Reg)

I love you the most.

REG

(whispering)

The feeling is mutual, sir.

Reg leaves. Mike takes a sip of his juice and walks towards Sasha holding out some paper.

MIKE

Here are your new pages, I really wish you'd let me email these to you. I feel bad killing a tree each time you want a rewrite.

SASHA

I don't like those computers. Too impersonal.

(flutters her eyelashes)

Did you do the changes?

MIKE

The unethical and immoral changes.

(nods)

Sure did, Sasha. You no longer did coke with a certain would-be President or had sex with his brother. You have now discussed foreign policy with them both while drinking martinis.



SASHA

Splendid.

MIKE

I don't know why you changed it. That story is legendary. It was even in the film they made about his life.

SASHA

Didn't like the girl that played me.

MIKE

(surprised)

She won an Oscar for it!

SASHA

I could have done it better. The point is my dear, it's my life and I'll write my book how I see fit. Well, you'll write it how I see fit.

MIKE

(sighs)

I love to write the book you get credit for writing.

SASHA

And get paid handsomely for.

MIKE

There is that.

(drinks)

Is there anything else? I'm meeting a new client for lunch.

SASHA

Off so soon?

(sultry)

What's on that menu, that isn't available here?

Sasha bats her eyelashes at Mike and slips the strap of her dress off the shoulder. Mike just shakes his head.

MIKE

Oh, Sasha. You know this can't happen. What would the trades say?

SASHA

(faux sad)

Rain check then?

MIKE

(nods)

For a much, much, much later date.



Mike drains the last of his juice and heads for the door. He waves at Sasha as she blows a kiss at him.

As he walks away from the door, Reg is walking towards it.

SASHA (O.C.)

REG! Come in here and take off your pants.

Reg sighs. Mike puts his hand on his shoulder.

MIKE

Good luck, old friend.

REG

I survived the trenches, sir, I can survive this.

Mike makes his way down the steps and before he gets to the front door sounds of passion can be heard throughout the house. The sounds follow Mike as he gets to his car laughing to himself.

Mike drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIM'S DINER - AFTERNOON

Mike pulls up the front of the diner in his car. He hops out and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Mike takes off his sunglasses and looks around. He sees a man, mid 20s, wearing a large brimmed hat and big sunglasses doing his best to look inconspicuous.

He's failing.

Mike shakes his head with a smile and walks over to him.

MIKE

Good afternoon, Mitchell.

MITCHELL

(looking around)
Don't use my real name!

Mike looks around and sighs.

MIKE

Right. What are we today? Deepthroat?



MITCHELL

(whispering)

No one can know that we are meeting.

MIKE

(sighs)

Man, no one gives a shit.

MITCHELL

(whispering)

If other comedians find out that I need a writer that'll be the end of me.

Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE

Mitchell, you are on the hottest TV show around and have never done stand-up before. People would be more shocked if you didn't have a writer.

MITCHELL

Dylan said you would be discreet.

MIKE

He's right. No one knows I write for you. You pay up front and I give you the jokes. Couldn't be simpler. We could have done this over Zoom, like I suggested, but you wanted to meet here and play dress up.

MITCHELL

I like the steak sandwich here.

MIKE

I can't complain about that. It's very good.

MITCHELL

How do I know that I can trust you not to leak anything about our arrangement to the press?

MIKE

Well one, I hate the press. And two, I have fifteen other comedian clients. Can you name one?

MITCHELL

No.

MIKE

Then I say I'm pretty fucking good at my job.



MITCHELL

You make a good point.

MIKE

Almost as good as these people make a steak sandwich.

MITCHELL

(looking around)

I am hungry, where is that waiter?

MIKE

Now, how much material would you like to start with? Do you have anything of your own you would like me to look at?

Mike takes a sip of a glass of water sitting on the table.

MITCHELL

I thought it would be funny if I had props.

Mike chokes on the water.

MIKE

(coughing)

Jesus, no props.

(catches his breath)

I guess we are starting from scratch then.

COLIN (O.C)

Oi! What are YOU doing here?

Mike hangs his head.

MIKE

Fan-fucking-tastic.

Colin comes over to the table, drink in hand. Colin looks Mitchell up and down.

COLIN

Alright, Mitchell? Like the hat, mate.

MITCHELL

Fuck, does everyone have to know it's me?

Mitchell gets up from the table and rushes off.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

I'll call you, Mike.



MIKE

Looking forward to it.

Mike stares daggers at Colin as he sits down in Mitchell's seat smiling to himself. He realizes that Mike isn't smiling with him.

COLIN

Oh, what?

MIKE

So do you just follow me around all day or do people tip you off to my whereabouts?

COLIN

What can I say, boyo, I just a man about town.

MIKE

It would also be great if you were man not about ruining business for me.

COLIN

Oh, what, Mitchell? That bastard couldn't tell a good joke if I wrote it for him.

MIKE

Which would mean I would have written it for you.

COLIN

Too bloody right, mate. And don't you forget it.

MIKE

How could I forget something I just fucking said. You know what? Never mind. Don't you have a show tonight?

COLIN

I do indeed. I'm headlining The Chuckle Hut.

MIKE

The Chuckle Hut? They are giving you another shot? Did you beat Barry in cards again?

COLIN

Geezer has a tell like an Old Maid. I also made \$50. You want to come by and see me kill?



MIKE

I got plans. I'm sure I'll see the river of blood flood towards my house in the morning.

COLIN

What fucking plans? Your plans should be writing some more material for me.

MIKE

Good point. There is some writing I need to be doing.

COLIN

More jokes for me?

MIKE

No, a tip-off to immigration about your limey ass.

COLIN

Wanker.

MIKE

Love you too.

Colin continues to drink as Mike leaves.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

EXT. DYLAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Mike pulls up in front of Dylan's house. he turns off the car and sighs. Before he can open the door his phone beeps with a message.

VICKY (ON SCREEN MESSAGE)
I'm so glad you are going to work
with the Harris Brothers.

Mike starts to look nervous. He looks at the message for a while before he types.

MIKE (ON SCREEN MESSAGE)
I'm told I have you to thank for
that.

VICKY (ON SCREEN MESSAGE)
Just trying to help out a friend.

MIKE (ON SCREEN MESSAGE)
It's better than you breaking my
things.

Mike hovers over the send button but doesn't press it. He shakes his head and deletes the message. He starts to type again.

MIKE (ON SCREEN MESSAGE) (cont'd)
Thanks, Vicks. Hope you are well.

VICKY(ON SCREEN MESSAGE)
XOXO

Mike rolls his eyes before putting his phone back in his pocket and heading up to Dylan's house.

INT. DYLAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Mike walks up to the front door but before he can even knock the door opens and Tegan is there smiling. Tegan is a stunning, 35, black.

TEGAN
I knew you were there. I could sense
your energy.

MIKE
Or you could have known I'm always on
time.



TEGAN

That too. How are you, sweetie?

MIKE

I'm great, Tegs.

They hug and kiss each other on the cheek.

MIKE (cont'd)

Where's my man?

TEGAN

Cooking up his slabs of murder.

MIKE

Oh, nice. Dinner with a side of guilt.

TEGAN

Didn't know you were bringing the smart ass sauce.

MIKE

Always in stock.

Tegan laughs and pulls Mike into the house. Mike hands her the wine and Tegan points him towards the backyard.

EXT. DYLAN'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks out to the backyard and Dylan is drinking a beer by the grill.

MIKE

So this is what murder smells like?

DYLAN

Only if it's marinated for three days in spices and rum, beyatch!

MIKE

Sounds premeditated. How was your day, dear?

DYLAN

Pretty good, honey. Carl did what I always knew was a tried and true "man fact". He did his best writing on the toilet. The studio LOVED his script idea and I'm writing it.

(writes in the air
with tongs)

I am writing a literal shit idea.

MIKE

It's been a very "literal" day.



DYLAN

What did you get up to?

MIKE

Went and saw Dave. He says "hi."

DYLAN

Bullshit. What did he really say?

MIKE

He said your show is shit.

DYLAN

That's more like the douche we all know and loath.

MIKE

He got me a job working with the Harris Brothers.

DYLAN

Maybe he's not useless after all. I love those guys. The "Bang Bang My Wang" video is hilarious.

MIKE

How did I know you would be a fan?

Mike trails off looking at his phone. It's not on. Dylan walks over to him and hands him a beer.

DYLAN

I know that face. What happened?

MIKE

Vicky suggested me for the job.

DYLAN

It's the least she could do after she tried to ruin you.

MIKE

She just texted me before. Finished it with "XOXO"

DYLAN

(annoyed)

Dude. No. Listen. Just no!

MIKE

Of course, NO! Do I look that damaged?

DYLAN

(angry)

I want you to hear yourself say that! She's fuckin' poison.

(MORE)



DYLAN (CONT'D)

She's obviously playing a game. Be fucking careful.

MIKE

I will. It's hard, though.

DYLAN

Yeah, I bet it is, but keep it in your pants.

MIKE

Not what I mean, man.

DYLAN

It was. And I know.

MIKE

(sad)

I miss her.

DYLAN

(shakes head)

No, you miss the idea OF her, Mike. She was no good for you.

MIKE

Then why is she all I can think about?

DYLAN

(compassionate)

Hey. What do I always tell you?

MIKE

It's always better if a woman asks you before sticking a digit in your butt?

DYLAN

It is sage advice. My grandfather shared that with me on his death bed.

(a beat)

I could never make eye contact with grandma again.

(shakes head)

But what else?

MIKE

That no one will love me like you do.

DYLAN

Too fuckin' right! And I have to look after your lovestruck ass.

Tegan enters carrying salad.



TEGAN

That's sweet. Should I get the lube for you or are you two going to raw dog it?

MIKE

I'm not that drunk yet.

DYLAN

The only meat I'm hungry for is on that grill.

(smiles)

For now.

TEGAN

(annoyed)

SAVAGE!

DYLAN

(flirty)

Nymph!

They all laugh. Tegan grabs a glass of wine and sits next to Mike. Mike's phone beeps with a message. Mike looks at it.

MIKE

Hmm. It's Colin. He crushed it tonight with the "new" material.

DYLAN

Did Little Lord Fuckly finally learn to read?

MIKE

(sighs)

Oh no. He's been "inspired"! He has a new set idea.

Mike starts laughing. He's laughing too hard to read.

DYLAN

What? What did he say?

Tegan takes the phone.

TEGAN

(English accent)

I don't know all the specifics, but I want to do a set that involves bears, ABBA, and whisky. Make it funny.

DYLAN

(disbelief)

What the actual fuck?



MIKE

It's better than the ones he sends me at 3AM. The last one just had one word "Huckleberry." I did a whole page of Mark Twain jokes before he wrote again and said his autocorrect fucked his message and he meant dingleberry

DYLAN

Doesn't he know the Twain stuff would have made him a star?

TEGAN

And dingleberry wouldn't? Kids would eat them up.

Mike and Dylan look at her.

DYLAN

Kids eat dingleberries?

TEGAN

(shrugs)

They do a bunch of fucked up shit.

MIKE

I don't know how long I can keep doing this, man.

DYLAN

Hey! At least it pays.

MIKE

And I guess that's all that matters.

TEGAN

(concerned)

You guess?

DYLAN

This shits getting too deep. Who's hungry?

TEGAN

Did you cook my soy burger?

DYLAN

I did, but it may have touched my steak.

TEGAN

(angry)

WHAT?



DYLAN

(coy)

KIDDING! I cooked it first.

TEGAN

You're a savage and a bastard.

DYLAN

Correction. I'm your savage and I'm his bastard.

Tegan mocks offended.

MIKE

(shrugs)

I called dibs in High School.

TEGAN

Who knew when I got one, I got the both of you.

MIKE

I did.

DYLAN

I too was also aware.

They laugh as Dylan gets them some food. Tegan helps and Mike smiles. His phone vibrates. He looks at it.

VICKY (ON SCREEN MESSAGE)

I want to see you. Grab a drink tonight? About 10:30?

Mike looks at Tegan and Dylan laughing and playfully shoving each other before embracing and kissing.

MIKE (ON SCREEN MESSAGE)

Ok. See you then.

Mike looks slightly ashamed before Teagan and Dylan come back over with food. They all start to eat.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF SHOW